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## LORD MORLEY'S RECOLLECTIONS

### By the Rev. N. Macnicol, M.A., D.Litt.

THIS is certainly one of the most important and permanently valuable books that has appeared for many years, valuable both as a record of the inner history of the political movements of the last thirty years and as a revelation of the attitude towards ultimate things of a man who, while engrossed in these movements, *quorum magna pars fuit*, could never be content to dwell on the surface but was ever probing the dark depths of the universe. In spite of the political interest of the book, which is very great, to many this latter aspect of it, its disclosure of a very strong and very serious nature, a notable representative of one of the most characteristic schools of Victorian thought, will prove its chief attraction. Ireland and India, names whose very collocation seems ill-omened and which, we trust, will provide no further parallel than is supplied by their possession of the same initial letter, are the great themes of the book as a political history. Lord Morley seems to have been drawn by his very courage and virility of nature and by his strong faith in freedom in the old liberal meaning of that word, to undertake the charge of these two countries and to apply to them his principles. One misses in his liberalism the abandon, the contagious enthusiasm which are necessary in a great leader of men and pioneer of progress. There is a coldness, an aridity, (austerity, he would like to call it[1]) in his mind that explains how, with all his strength and grasp and ethical conviction, he has failed of being a very great power in English public life. These qualities in him were emphasized by the influence upon his early years of John Stuart Mill. It is difficult to determine the place that this English philosopher will ultimately obtain among thinkers but of the remarkable influence he has had upon the Victorian period in England there is no question. He was educated by his

[1] Vol. i, p. 315.

father as a 'pure intelligence', and we see this limitation repeating itself in his followers and certainly in Lord Morley. There is something unsympathetic and hard in the disciple's attitude to life, even as there was in that of his master. He quotes Carlyle's characterization of Mill's talk as 'rather wintry and "sawdustish"' and tells us that Meredith spoke of him 'as partaking of the spinster'. Lord Morley defends his master from these charges but they suggest certainly a lack in his outlook and influence which still continues to suggest itself in the much broader and more humane spirit of the disciple. It is evident that Mill in his later years travelled somewhat from the narrow intellectualism with which one chiefly associates his name. It is not quite clear in one passage[1] whether Lord Morley is giving his own opinion or quoting Mill in his old age as saying to the Millite radicals, 'After you have won, the world will need more than ever those qualities which Wordsworth is keeping alive and nourishing.' This book shows that its author felt his need of those super-intellectual qualities and nourished his soul upon Wordsworth and other great imaginative writers. His is essentially a religious nature; he finds it hard to reconcile himself to leave the dark places of the universe unexplored; the consolations of nature and of poetry mean much to him. And yet to the end a certain intellectual bigotry and arrogance seem to control him and to prevent him from attaining to that unselfconscious greatness which moves men in the mass and lifts them up by its contagion and power.

His attitude to religious belief, as betrayed in this book, is of peculiar interest. One is tempted to discover a growth in sympathy between the period of his early iconoclasm and the evening of deeper reflection when he wrote these *Recollections*. Certainly, as he says, there was nothing 'sub-silent or subtle' in his early references to religion. There is all the arrogance of Millite intellectualism in his words addressed to the Church: 'We will not attack you as Voltaire did . . . . we shall explain you.' That was written, he goes on, 'in the day of battle and the hour of plain speaking.' In fact, it was written in haste. Experience and reflection bring a more chastened mood and he has to admit that 'you will never explain. . . . without sympathetic appreciation, without the element of light that men call love, without some quietness and workings of the heart.'[2] Again, he

[1] Vol. i, p. 67.	[2] Vol. i, p. 104.

narrates, not unsympathetically, the weakening of the unbelief of Mill and Spencer and Huxley as they drew near the end and could see the shadow waiting for them. Huxley wrote to him how he felt his dislike to the thought of extinction increasing as he got nearer the goal. Lord Morley can give them no encouragement, indeed, in their gropings after faith. All he can say is that 'problems of life and death offer us a knot that is hard indeed to disentangle'[1] and that

> Men must endure
> Their going hence even as their coming thither;
> Ripeness in all.

But it is much that he recognizes the need, in the disentangling of the knot, of 'the element of light that men call love', the need, too, 'of some quietness and workings of the heart.' The early iconoclast has become wiser with the years.

It is very striking to notice how the problem of man's life and fate haunts him, and, whenever he escapes from absorption in affairs and has time in the solitude of nature to possess his soul, the thought of its solitude and ignorance in a perplexing universe goes near to unseal a fount of tears even in his strong and somewhat sterile spirit. There is nothing, I fancy, that he loathed more than anything approaching sentimentalism. He sees himself as a man of affairs, accepting facts and dealing with them as such, 'considering consequences, balancing probabilities, estimating forces, choosing the lesser evil;' in fact as a humane copy of the sinister figure of the statesman of 'real politik'. But fortunately for himself and for the lands he governed he was far more than that. He had 'the sense of tears in mortal things' a faith in deeper forces than those that most politicians count as 'real'. He betrays himself in the presence of the storm and the calm of the sea or of the wide sky and the wide moor. 'The great floor of waters outside, mournful, wild, careless of poor man, the atom of a day.'[2] The most remarkable passage in this key is the closing one of the book where he wanders, brooding of the mystery of life and death on a Surrey hill-side, with his little terrier, Eileen, by his side. He asks himself many questions 'of pith and moment' and concludes with a sad confession of the failure of agnosticism to make the world any better. The Church-bells ringing out across the moor brings the only note of 'pleasant

[1] Vol. i, p. 109. [2] Vol. i, p. 43.

cheerfulness' to his sombre outlook on a world, 'given over in blood and tears to a strange Witches' Sabbath.' 'Now and then I paused,' he says, 'as I sauntered slow over the fading heather. My little humble friend, squat on her haunches, looking wistfully up, eager to resume her endless hunt after she knows not what, just like the chartered metaphysician. So to my home in the failing daylight.'[1] That is the last picture that Lord Morley gives us of himself, and one does not recognize it as the picture of a guide who can lead the bewildered race of men. This figure passing away wearily into the failing daylight represents, we trust, a passing age, noble enough but ineffectual, to be succeeded by an age of greater faith and more passionate purpose. A poem by Thomas Hardy recently published expresses the same sombre and disappointed temper, which looks forward to the future of the race with little hope.

> Only a man harrassing clods
> In a slow, silent walk,
> With an old horse that stumbles and nods
> Half asleep as they stalk.
>
> Only thin smoke without flame
> From the heaps of couch grass;
> Yet this will go onward the same
> Though Dynasties pass.
>
> Yonder a maid and her wight
> Come whispering by;
> War's annals will cloud into night,
> Ere their story die.

Lord Morley affirms truly of himself that he has listened to the 'one true voice' of religion, 'the voice of human pity, of mercy, of patient justice.'[2] But because his religion has not in it the creative power of faith (at least so it seems to one reader who lies open to the charge of not being unbiassed) it only produces 'thin smoke without flame', and wavering steps in the failing daylight.

It is naturally his record of his relations with India and the history of the reforms which he introduced in the Indian Government which will attract most attention among Indian readers of the book. The human interest, it has to be admitted, of the chapters devoted to this subject and described by him as 'A

[1] Vol. ii, p. 367. [2] Vol. i, p. 189.

short page in Imperial History,' is not so great as is that of the rest of the work. This is partly due to the fact that this record is contained in extracts from letters to the Viceroy which, necessarily, are somewhat more formal and official than the more discursive narrative which is elsewhere given. It is true that he writes with a fine freedom to Lord Minto and, evidently, the relation of the two men was throughout frank and cordial and mutually appreciative. All the same when either side had to yield we gather that it was not Lord Morley. After all the Secretary of State is the supreme head of the Indian Government and Lord Morley does not forget that, nor for all his urbanity is he of malleable stuff. 'I am,' he says in one place,[1] 'the least in the world of a Cromwellian, but I am beginning to understand in a way I never understood before, how impatience at the delays and cavillings and mistaking of very small points for very big ones at last drove Oliver to send his counsellors packing.' Even Kitchener—and Asquith inclined to support his claims—failed to attain his ambition, his 'firm expectation'[2] in the face of this literary statesman's unflinching 'No'. There is a courage and a clearness of vision about his views of the Government of India that are still very necessary. He does not make 'concession' to India ('a way of putting it that for my own part I never use'[3]) but seeks to tread steadily and resolutely, some may think, indeed, with too little faith and generosity, along the path of justice. 'What are we in India for?' he asks.[4] 'Surely in order to implant—slowly, prudently, judiciously—those ideas of justice, law, humanity which are the foundations of our own civilization?' On an early page of the book he quotes from Matthew Arnold a passage which he obviously means to apply to his subsequent experience in India and which is profoundly true and significant. 'When shall we learn,' Matthew Arnold asks, (in a sentence, Lord Morley remarks, 'well worth inscribing in letters of gold in four at least of the great offices of State in Whitehall,') 'that what attaches people to us is the spirit we are of, and not the machinery we employ.' There are many comments and suggestions that one would like to quote, and some of them betray, as so much in the book does, the real affinity of his mind, in spite of his opinions, for the Christian Church and

[1] Vol. ii, p. 315. [2] Vol ii, p. 331.
[3] Vol. ii, p. 298. [4] Vol. ii, p. 278.

his sympathy with its spirit. There is, for example, his suggestion that Bishop Lefroy might have been made Lieut.-Governor of the Punjab. 'There's an experiment for you. His ideas delighted me.'[1] There is also his interest in the possibility of Bishop Gore becoming Bishop of Bombay. 'It rather sets me on fire.'[2]

His references to the present war and its causes and consequences are very guarded, but one gathers what some of the reasons may have been which led him to withdraw from the cabinet at its outbreak. No doubt the chief reason was his age and weariness and the desire to escape from 'the Parliamentary yoke' to those deeper musings upon 'old Carlyle's Eternities' which always held his heart. But there were, no doubt, other things. He has a warm admiration and respect for Lord Grey, who was evidently a supporter in the cabinet[3] of his most generous proposals in regard to Indian 'deportees'. He describes him as 'one of the most impressive personalities in Parliament,' 'wholly free from every trace of the theatre'.[4] But he has the hesitation, it is evident, of the old-fashioned Liberal on the question of whether the country has not a duty to care for her own people and their interests rather than enter upon adventures for the protection of strangers from tyranny and oppression. 'What in heaven's name are Don Carlos and Don Miguel and ten thousand exiled Polish nobles to us?'[5] It would not be fair to take these views, which he gives as Cobden's, as representing his own judgement on 'the Don Quixote or Sancho Panza view of foreign policy,' and certainly if they do they are far apart from those of Mr. Gladstone as well as from those of Mr. Asquith and Lord Grey. They probably represent, however, considerations that made him feel that he could not share in the responsibility for a course which necessarily will hinder for many years the accomplishment of those schemes of social betterment which he so greatly desired to promote. Of his horror of war and its consequences there is no question. 'It ostracizes, demoralizes, brutalizes reason. . . . Hate takes root as a tradition and lasts.'[6] Again he has a pregnant sentence which shows how necessary for permanent peace is the democratization of the Central Empires. 'The very word empire is in history and essence military; emperor means soldier; all modern history and tradition associate empires with war.'[7]

[1] Vol. ii, p. 259.
[2] Vol. ii, p. 249.
[3] Vol. ii, p. 319.
[4] Vol. ii, p. 345.
[5] Vol. i, p. 138.
[6] Vol. ii, p. 88.
[7] Vol. ii, p. 89.

Here are some wise sentences from a book that has many that are the fruits of wide experience of affairs and deep reflection. 'Religion and race, the two incendiary forces of history.'[1] 'Perhaps it is only the men with these unscrupulous preconceptions' (he is referring to Keir Hardie), 'knocking their heads against stone walls—who force the world along.'[2] This to Mr. Gokhale (to whom he bears admiring testimony)—which his successors to-day may well heed: 'What situation could be more hopeful? Only one thing can spoil it. Perversity and unreason in your friends. . . . If your speakers or your newspapers set to work to belittle what we do, to clamour for the impossible, then all will go wrong.'[3] This is his comment on the treatment of Ireland and the Irish in the eighteenth century which produced insincerity and the slave spirit, and it has its application to India as well: 'As if any social system on earth, or in darker realms under the earth, could have been better devised for breeding men indifferent to questions between truth and lies. Men talk of the necessity of history and the fatality of race; but let us be quite sure in Ireland not to set down to the second what is easily explained by the first.'[4]

Perhaps there is nothing in this deeply interesting and valuable book that is more interesting and valuable than its portraits of leading men of the nineteenth century—in the regions of literature, of politics and of philosophy—with whom Lord Morley was brought into close relationship. Among these are John Stuart Mill, George Meredith, Herbert Spencer, C. S. Parnell, Joseph Chamberlain. His tribute to the last-named with whom he maintained for years a close friendship is specially intimate, discerning and affectionate. 'For thirteen strenuous years we lived the life of brothers.'[5] But when the book is read we realize that we have had presented to us in its pages a full-length portrait of the author himself—a strong, sincere, dominant figure, but, for all his strength, perplexed often and hesitant amid the shadows of a life across which he could trace no 'granite road' upon which to walk steadfastly but only 'slippery stepping-stones' in 'a rough and swollen stream.'[6]

[1] Vol. ii, p. 217. [2] Vol. ii, p. 235. [3] Vol. ii, p. 181 f.
[4] Vol. i, p. 333. [5] Vol. i, p. 163. [6] Vol. ii, p. 362.

# WAS OUR LORD CRUCIFIED ON A FRIDAY?

## By the Rev. J. C. Young, M.A., M.B., C.M.

IT is so commonly believed that our Lord was put to death on a Friday that Christian apologists have in these latter days been led to make all sorts of excuses for the apparent non-fulfilment of our Lord's own prophecy that he was to be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth.

Every kind of reason has been given for their utterance except the true one; and men who like Elijah are very jealous for the Lord God of gods have scanned the horizon of literature for a plausible means of explaining away their significance or of modifying their meaning. One, despite the fact that every trustworthy manuscript has them in their proper place, and nearly every early writer mentions them, boldly cuts the knot by declaring that our Lord never used them at all. While another admits that they were used by Jesus but were used in a different sense from that which we have taken to be their meaning, or at any rate that they were never meant to be literally fulfilled.

Even Dr. James Denney that most revered and erudite scholar, whose loss to the Christian Church we all deplore, declares that 'it is not possible for critical reasons to insist in the same way on the saying about being three days and three nights in the heart of the earth as Jonah was three days and three nights in the whale's belly; though if this saying is merely a misinterpretation of the sign of Jonah by the evangelist or the Church—a misinterpretation of comparatively late date—it does seem strange that such explicit emphasis should be laid on the three days and the three nights, a period quite inconsistent with the actual occurrences when Jesus died and rose again. It seems possible, to say the least, that (as Barth argues) Jesus actually spoke the words using the three days and three nights merely to indicate a brief period and laying stress not on the chronology but upon the great reverse of affairs in which one

who had apparently perished appears anew and only then begins to work with effect.'

When, however, one firmly believes that every Scripture given by inspiration of God is profitable for doctrine and for instruction in righteousness one is apt to question any tradition that was produced for the first time more than a hundred years after the event took place, and in questioning the Good Friday tradition which so utterly belies our Lord's prediction that no amount of juggling with words could ever render the two stories compatible. I shall endeavour to show how the tradition arose and how since 'facts are chiels that winna ding' the sun, moon, and inspired word of God refute the so-called truth of the Good Friday tradition.

For if our Lord were crucified on a Friday He could not possibly have lain three days and three nights in the heart of the earth and, on the other hand, if He did lie three days and three nights in the heart of the earth He could not possibly have been put to death on a Friday.

Supposing, however, that it could be proved that *προσαβ βατον* had a different meaning to that which is usually given to it and supposing that other irrefutable arguments could be adduced to show the impossibility of Friday being the day on which our Lord was put to death, then perhaps our way would be clear to receive without hesitation the divine prognostication which Jesus uttered when He said that He was going to lie in the heart of the earth for three days and three nights. These arguments will now be adduced.

1. Even the terrible hatred for Jesus that had taken possession of those religious rulers living in Jerusalem would not be sufficient to make the chief Priests and Pharisees break away from their whole past and publicly go to Pilate on a Sabbath day and entreat him either to do the manual work himself of sealing the stone on that day or of allowing them to do so, especially as it would be more than a Sabbath day's journey from where they lived to Pilate's house and then on to Christ's grave and back.

2. Such sticklers for Sabbath observance might have gone the length of setting a watch over the tomb on that day, but they would never have offended God and scandalized the community by carrying the necessary wax and seal to the grave side; and most assuredly, holding the superstitious views that they did, they would never have risked their soul's salvation by heating

the wax and sealing the stone on a Sabbath,[1] although there was nothing to hinder their doing so on the Passover feast day or on any Sabbatic season such as those mentioned in Lev. xxiii. 24–39.

3. It is inconceivable that any Jew, trained in Judea and writing for Jewish converts could ever have called the Jewish Sabbath 'the day that followed the day of preparation.'[2] For there is nothing in sacred writ to justify the opinion expressed by the Rev. A. Plummer, D.D., in his commentary on Luke's Gospel where, commenting on the Greek word *παρασκευης*, he says: 'The word may mean either the eve of the Sabbath or the eve of the Passover and on this occasion the Sabbath probably coincided with Nisan fifteenth, the first day of the Passover. This first day ranked as a Sabbath[3] and therefore was doubly holy when it coincided with the ordinary Sabbath;' and he goes on to say, 'if the Passover had begun the previous evening would Luke and Mark (xv. 42) speak of its first day as an ordinary Sabbath? Just so we would hardly speak of "the first Sunday in April" if that Sunday was Easter Day. But although the day was *παρασκευη* to both Sabbath and Passover it is the former that is probably meant. Caspara would take it the other way.' And holding with Caspara the present writer feels sure that this word only referred to the Passover and not to the Jewish Sabbath.

4. While the Greek word *σαββατα* is always used in the singular, except on one occasion (Acts xvii. 2 where it is joined to the adjective *τρια*) and is never applied to any other day than the seventh day in the week, the singular form *σαββατον*, which appears to be nothing else than a transliteration of the Hebrew word שַׁבָּתוֹן used in Lev. xxiii. 24–39, is even till the present day applied by Grecian Jews to feast days just as in Old Testament times. For I have been told by Greek Jews in Aden, and by Spanish Jews now living here but who spent many years in Smyrna, that among the children of Israel belonging to that town *σαββατον* is used indifferently both for the seventh day of the week and for those big feast days or Sabbatic seasons when work is suspended, although they are allowed to cook their food and do a thousand and one little things which they would be debarred from doing on the Jewish Sabbath day. Thus we see that though nothing could excuse the chief Priests' conduct had they gone more than a Sabbath day's journey on the seventh

[1] Matt. xxvii. 66. [2] Matt. xxvii. 62.
[3] Exod. xii. 16; Lev. xxiii. 7.

day of the week or have done any manual work on that day; public opinion would not be against them for doing these things on a feast day nor would their consciences prick them for doing so on the real day of the Passover.

5. Though *προσαββατον* is usually translated the day before the Sabbath a little reflection would show that when joined to the word *παρασκευη* as it is in Mark xv. 42 it might easily mean some other day than Friday as there is no other place in Scripture or, so far as I am aware, in any historical document, where *παρασκευη* is used to denote the sixth day of the week. It invariably refers to the preparation for the Passover and to that alone.

6. It is generally agreed nowadays that Jesus Christ was born four years before the Christian era, and that He was put to death on the thirty-second, thirty-third, or thirty-fourth year of His life. Seeing, however, that we can calculate back to the very minute when the Passover moon began in any year it becomes a question of simple arithmetic to find out on what day of the week the day of preparation was in the years A.D. 28, 29, 30 and 31 as there can be no reasonable doubt that it was on the fourteenth day of the month of Nisan in one of those four years mentioned that our Lord was slain, just as the Paschal lamb was without a bone of his body being broken.[1]

Before making the calculation however let us remember that the Jews of our Lord's day like the Arabs of the present always counted the beginning of the month from the evening on which the new moon was first seen; 'and the evening and the morning were the first day.'

In fact special precautions were taken by the Jews to determine precisely the new moon or the commencement of the month. According to the Mishna-treatise, *Rosh-hashanah*, (1–4) messengers were despatched to the highest points around Jerusalem on the eve of the thirtieth day to watch for the first appearance of the new moon and on its discovery were required to hasten as fast as possible to report the fact at head-quarters to the authorities. The President of the Synod, after duly testing the evidence, sanctioned it by pronouncing the word Maqudāsh or 'consecrated' whereby the sacred new moon festival was inaugurated. If this announcement occurred on the thirtieth day the month was called 'deficient' and was considered to have

[1] John xix. 36.

ended on the twenty-ninth day; on the other hand, if the discovery was not made on the thirtieth day that month was designated 'full', i.e. it consisted of thirty days.

With these facts in our mind then let us suppose that our Lord was put to death in the year A.D. 28, i.e. 1890 years ago. Then as there are 690,307 days, 18 hours and 9 minutes in 1890 solar years and there are 690,307 days, 1 hour 48 minutes and 48 seconds in 1948 lunar years we see that the new moon must have been on March 12, A.D. 28, but when we divide 690,307 by seven (that being the number of days in the week) we find that March 12 must have been on a Sunday in that year as there are two days, one hour and forty-eight minutes left over after dividing by seven, consequently in the year A.D. 28 the month Nisan began on Monday night and the day of preparation was Sunday, March 26.

Now let us look at the year A.D. 29.

In 1889 solar years there are 689,942 days, 12 hours, 20 minutes and 14 seconds while in 1946 lunar years there are 689,923 days, 4 hours, 20 minutes and 9 seconds, consequently the Passover moon must have begun nineteen days later that year than it did in the present year, i.e. it must have begun on April 1; but when we divide the number of days in 1946½ lunar years by seven we find that the new moon began three days four hours and twenty minutes earlier in the week than it did this year, consequently it must have begun on Saturday, April 1, at 6.52 p.m. Jerusalem time and consequently, as above explained, the Jews would count the month Nisan to have begun at sunset on Sunday and the day of preparation would be Saturday, April 14.

When, however, we look at the year A.D. 30 the year in which the large majority of people believe that Christ died we find that in 1888 solar years there are 689,587 days, 6 hours, 31 minutes and 28 seconds while in 1945 11/12 lunar years there are 689,568 days, 19 hours, 31 minutes and 33 seconds. Consequently the new moon must have been eighteen days later in the year A.D. 30 than it was this year, i.e. it must have begun on March 30; but when we divide the number of days in 1945 11/12 lunar years we get a remainder of five days, nineteen hours, thirty-one minutes and thirty-three seconds, thus showing that the new moon must have begun about midnight on Wednesday night but could not have been seen in Jerusalem before Thursday night. Consequently it will be found that the month Nisan, in the year A.D. 30, began

at sunset on Thursday, April 1, and that the day of preparation began on Wednesday, April 14.

Finally let us look at the year A.D. 31 and we shall find that in 1944½ lunar years there were 689,214 days, 10 hours 42 minutes and 29 seconds, but when we divide this number by seven we discover that in the year A.D. 31 the Passover moon began one day ten hours earlier than this year, i.e. it began on a Monday at 11.10 a.m.

With these facts before us we can see how it was that our Lord partook of the Passover with his disciples on the Wednesday night, how it was that on Thursday Christ our Passover was sacrificed for us, how on Friday the Chief Priests and Pharisees, without any qualms of conscience on their own part or fear of making the people angry by their sin, were able to go to Pilate and beg him to seal the stone, and when he gave them permission to do so how they were able to carry wax, seal and means of melting the wax to the grave side which they could not have done on a Sabbath day.

Then we can see how all rested on the Sabbath day and how on the Sunday Christ rose triumphant from the grave where He had lain for the appointed time, thus literally fulfilling His own prophecy which I had rather believe than a hundred traditions put forth over a hundred years after the event took place and apparently all springing from a mistranslation of or a misconception of the meaning of the one word *προσαββατον*.

## DNYANESHWAR ON IDOLATRY[1]

### By Rao Saheb G. W. Kanitkar, B.A.

THE subject of this lecture was suggested to me by remarks made in this place recently on the idolatry of the Hindus. Christian missionaries frequently condemn us all as idolaters, and Christians of our own people join in the condemnation when they would be better employed in studying what the saints and poets of our Maharastra have said on this subject. These saints have protested, in places, against idolatry and polytheism much more vehemently than the most zealous Christian. In order to illustrate this I propose to address a few words to you this evening on Dnyaneshwar's attitude towards idolatry, so far as we are able to see it in his great work which is popularly called *Dnyanadevi* or *Dnyaneshwari*. We Indians were never barbarians within the memory of man, nor 'babblers of an infant race'. And although we are now a conquered race and ruled by foreigners, who are after all our younger brethren, and to whom, as the late Justice Ranade believed and preached, Providence was pleased to subject us for a time in a state of pupilage for our own good, discipline and instruction, we can look back to a goodly heritage of wisdom which many of the brethren of the ruling race who were oriental scholars, made honest efforts to understand. Yet our antiquity is often not appreciated and our religion is often not understood. I have often regretted that many of those who ought to know us better, have denounced us as idolaters.

We Indians might well ask our Christian critics to regard us with that toleration which the Apostle Paul manifested towards the men of the University of Athens. Professor W. M. Ramsay, in his book *St. Paul the Traveller and the Roman Citizen*, gives the following rendering of the Apostle's speech before the learned men of Athens: 'Ye men of Athens, in all respects I observe that you are more than others respectful of what is Divine. For as I was going through your city and surveying the

([1] Notes of a lecture delivered in the John Small Institute, Poona).

monuments of your worship, I found also an altar with the inscription to the Unknown God. That divine nature, then, which you worship, not knowing what it is, I am setting forth to you. The God that made the world and all things therein, He, Lord as He is of Heaven and Earth, dwelleth not in shrines made with hands, and is not served with human hands as though He needed anything, since He himself giveth to all life and breath and all things. And He made of one nature every race of men to dwell on all the face of the earth: and fixed defined times and bounds of their habitation, that they should seek the God, if haply they might feel after Him and find Him, being as indeed He is; not far from each one of us. For in Him we live and move and are, as certain also of your own poets have said, " For we are also His offspring." Being then the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Divine nature is like unto gold or silver or stone, graven by art and device of man.'

These are notable words, and they not only set forth the idea of a great Christian regarding idolatry, but they show a fine spirit of sympathy, as is indicated by the words, 'as one of your own poets hath said.' Paul made use of the poetry of the Greeks to enforce his ideas of the Godhead, and modern Christians among us might quite well attack idolatry by quoting what Dnyaneshwar said about it in his great commentary on the *Bhagavadgītā.*

It is hardly necessary to refer at this time to what is known of the life of Dnyaneshwar. Nor is it necessary to enter into the vexed critical question whether the literature that at present bears his name comes from one or from three hands. Suffice it to say that learned men have discussed this question and we may do well to suspend judgement. For the present we turn to what the *Dnyaneshwari* says by way of commentary on that very important verse in the *Bhagavadgītā*, chapter thirteen and verses ten and eleven. The passages at chapter seven and verse twenty-four and that at chapter nine and verse eleven are also important, and I wish to read translations of our poet's commentary on those verses. It will be seen how Dnyaneshwar shows in his rich imagery that idolatry, fetish worship or the worship of many gods and goddesses, is hated by or is offensive to the only God, the one without a second.

At verse twenty-four of the seventh chapter of the *Gītā* it is said: 'Those devoid of reason think of me the Unmanifest as having manifestation, knowing not my ultimate nature which is

imperishable and unsurpassable.' On this Dnyaneshwar says: 'But human beings think not so. As one who would swim in the tank of water that he holds in the palm of his hand, so do men in vanity destroy their own interests. Or as a man though immersed in an ocean of nectar firmly closes his mouth and thinks with longing of a stagnant puddle. Why should men act thus? Why should you not rather become nectar than die for want of it when you are immersed in it? O thou that wieldest the bow . . . Why should you not be as a bird that rends open the bars of the cage that imprisons it, and soar in the firmament of wisdom, lord of the earth? Then you can soar at pleasure to the highest recesses of blessedness.

'Why on the boundless should you stretch a measuring line, and of the invisible make a likeness? But all this talk is useless O Son of Pandava, if you ask me. These words are not pleasing to men.'

The eleventh verse of the ninth chapter of the *Gītā* reads as follows: 'The foolish dishonour me when they endow me with a human body, not knowing the ultimate nature of me who am the Lord of the elements.' The comment of Dnyaneshwar runs: 'If thou art afraid of Samsara and if thou truly love me, then lay up this truth in thy heart; for as the moonlight looks yellow to the jaundiced eye, so those see defects in my pure essence. Fever brings a bad taste into the mouth, so that the mouth says of milk that it is poison; in the same way men look upon me who am superhuman as human. Therefore, O wielder of the bow, if thou often forget this idea, if thou look only on the gross external things, thy looking shall be in vain. One does not become immortal by tasting nectar in a dream, so those who see me in gross form do not truly see me.

'Further, the foolish who know me in gross form have, it is true, a kind of knowledge, but that knowledge of theirs is a hindrance to true knowledge—just as a swan, deluded by the reflection of the stars in a pond is destroyed in trying to get them, thinking them to be jewels.

'Suppose a man approaches a mirage thinking it to be the Ganges, of what avail is that? What is gained by holding a (thorny) babul in the hand thinking it to be a tree of paradise? It is as if a man where to take a serpent in his hand thinking it to be a double necklace of blue jewels or as if a man were to gather flints thinking them to be diamonds. Or they might be likened to a man who takes up glowing members into his lap

thinking them a treasure. They are destroyed by this ignorance as a lion which falls into a well in his attempts to get at his own reflection in the water not knowing it to be his own reflection. A man who is firmly convinced in his mind that this external world is my essence is like one who tries to get the moon by clutching at its image in water.'

The eleventh verse of the thirteenth chapter of the *Gītā* gives Dnyaneshwar occasion to write a very lengthy commentary which is of great importance. Forty-eight verses are devoted to the subjects of idolatry and pantheism. Some of these verses are as follows : ' The man who exercises faith in me but hankers in his mind for a reward, and the man who maintains an outward show of abstinence but harbours in his heart a love of wealth, or the adulterous wife who fusses about her lord accepting his will in order that she may pursue her evil ways, so O wearer of the crest is the man who shows that he has faith in me while seeking things of sense and who unsuccessful in his search abuses me, saying God is false. This man serves many gods just as a farmer adds field to field, and he passes in succession from the other gods just as he did from the first. He exercises devotion towards that *Guru* in whom is special pomp, and he receives his *mantra*, but he does not question other *gurus*. He speaks harsh words to his fellow human beings and abuses them, but he shows great love to a stone image. Nowhere is there devotion to the one true God. He prepares an image of me, and sets it up in a corner of his house, while he himself wanders about on pilgrimage to the shrines of other gods. He worships me daily ; for the sake of prosperity he worships the guardian divinity of his family, and whenever a festival comes he worships a third god. Even while I am in his house he pays his vows to another, and at the season of the *Śrāddha* ceremony he worships his ancestors. As he worships me on the *Ekādasi*, so he worships the snake on *Nāgpanchami*. On the fourth day festival he worships Ganesh with complete devotion, and on the fourteenth day fast as he worships the goddess, he says to her in his prayer, " O Ambi I am thine." He neglects his necessary duties and on the festival of *Navaratra* he sits in one spot conning the nine chand. On Sunday, he eats his rice and pulse in the name of Bahiroba. When Monday comes he takes a few leaves of the Bale tree and goes to worship Śankara ; and thus he who is alone worships all. Just as the village harlot draws the mind of all to herself by show of false love, so the man cannot sit still for a moment, but for the sake of gain worships

all the gods. The man who runs hither and thither worshipping many gods is the veritable incarnation of ignorance.'

What more scathing language could be used against idolatry and polytheism than words like these?

## TENNYSON'S POETRY

### By Y. S. Thackeray

MY article on Cowper's Poetry (*Indian Interpreter*, January, 1917) was designed principally as an incitement to the study of that poet by people who for one reason or another had failed to find their way in his works. Such an introductory article seemed to be called for, because Cowper presents many difficulties; while those who are best qualified from their own studies to elucidate his meaning and to point the way to others, are overapt to adopt methods which practically restrict the effect of what they have to say to an inner ring; because they turn their attention not to the poetry, but to the system of thought.

I would endeavour now to give the student of poetry an insight into Tennyson's works which, in fact, call for no such introduction. It would hardly be possible to name two poets of equal calibre, who afford such an effective critical contrast as Tennyson and Cowper; unless indeed Wordsworth and Shelley, and they differ in quite another fashion. For whereas these two start from views of the universe and its Creator, which, superficially at least, are directly opposed, our two poets are fundamentally at one. Mainly it is in their artistic methods, their attitude towards certain secondary questions, and generally their treatment of the problems that present themselves, that they are contrasted; and the result, or one result of this contrast is that as there is a Dickens Camp and a Thackeray Camp, so there is now, a Tennyson Camp, and a Cowper Camp; and the votaries of either poet think it needful to belittle the other in order the more to magnify their own favourite; and commonly give way to the inclination to turn the very faults of their bard into merits, by way of proving that the merits of the other are very little better than faults. Surely there is a Big Round Table of the Immortals, where Shakespeare is indeed the king approved by acclamation, but the rest may sit without jars and disputes as to the order of precedence. Seeing

that constitutions vary, we must all have our favourites, but to justify ourselves we need not deny our neighbours the like privilege.

The representatives of the newest school sometimes shock their elders by the criticisms they launch at Tennyson. Colonel Newcome felt very much disturbed at hearing from the young men in his day that Byron was no poet, and Tennyson was going to rank far above him. The whirligig of time is bringing its revenges; still, it is not going to stop whirling with the present generation. But perhaps some of the elders would be more inclined to recognize that these things are not due to mere *fin de siècle* viciousness if they remembered that there was a time when they were themselves looked at askance by their own seniors for their revolutionary principles, so it has been, so it is now, and so it will be for ever, till Utopia is finally established, every generation thinks, that the one which preceded moved too slow, and the one coming after it is moving too fast. So my object in writing this article is to suggest that Tennyson is not the less great because he was in sympathy with a time that is past; nor the greater because he is in some respects out of sympathy with the present times; in other words, to call attention to certain weaknesses which we are frequently bidden to admire, and certain merits which we are called upon to condemn.

Perhaps the two 'Locksley Hall' poems present as good an example as we can find of the wrong bases for admiring Tennyson. I suppose that there is no single poem in which his marvellous command of the resources of his metre, his almost magical capacity for coining a perfect phrase, show themselves so prodigally as in 'Locksley Hall'.

> Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest,
> Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the west.
> Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising through the mellow shade,
> Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver-braid.
>
> . . .
>
> Love took up the glass of time, and turned it in his glowing hands;
> Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.
> Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all the chords with might;
> Smote the chord of self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.'

For sheer splendour of diction and glory of sound I do not know many lines comparable to these. So again—

> In the dead unhappy night, and when the rain is on the roof

conveys the desired sense of unutterable dreariness and desolation so completely, that I feel almost guilty of a bull in employing the word unutterable. In short, so far as concerns metrical technique and mastery of language, the poem is one which Tennyson has never surpassed. But when we turn to the 'thought'—the general purport of the poem—it is astonishing to find how many people will rate you as a philistine, a wordling, and generally no better than you should be, if you venture to hint that the speaker is a decidedly egotistical and conceited youth with a capacity for rant, and a miscellaneous enthusiasm for ideals strong in proportion to their vagueness; whose sufferings are chiefly due, not to the intensity of his devotion to the spider-hearted damsel, but to his annoyance at her not having thought him quite such a hero as he expected.

But we can surely make allowance for this as it was a poem of the poet's youth; it is full of the spirit of youth, of vehement if somewhat superficial emotion; its ideals, like those of youth generally, are vague but gorgeous; and probably it appeals almost as strongly to the young people of the present generation as to the young people of a century back. It is different with the poem of sixty years later. This is an expression chiefly of disillusionment; and in direct proportion to the joyousness of the vague youthful dreams is the dreariness of the disgust of old age; while the speaker remains in his later years just as egotistical, just as incapable of appreciating a different point of view, just as partial and one sided in his judgements, as in the early days, and just as cocksure. Dramatically, the new 'Locksley Hall' is the true and necessary epilogue to the first poem, the hero of which would inevitably come to look upon life in the fashion of the speaker of sixty years later; but the one view will serve no better than the other as a guide in human affairs. Dramatically the two poems are as consistent and as admirable in their way as possible. Nor need we, in the face of another poem, the 'Ancient Sage,' feel called upon to regard this elderly pessimist as being merely the poet's mouth-piece, instead of a dramatic study. But we protest against having the second poem held up to us as the ripe wisdom of a matured mind which had laid to heart the words of Rabbi Ben Ezra, 'Young, all lay in dispute; I shall know, being old,' so with some others of Tennyson's

later poems, which are more or less attacks upon modern doctrines, but are essentially not adapted as medicine for people who have been bitten by the said doctrines. For this reason the things said may be all very true; the errors attacked may be very pernicious; but, if you wish to convert any one from the error of his ways, you must begin by getting at his point of view. It is worse than waste of breath to start by telling him that he thinks what he does not think, wants what he does not want, is satisfied with what does not satisfy him; and then to call him names. You must recognize the good in him and let him see that you do so, before you can persuade him to treat you in like manner—for if you follow the other plan, he will straightway decline to listen to you, and adopt your own method in attacking you back. Hence if these poems are taken as sermons or treatises, they must be condemned as more likely to injure than to aid the cause which they support; whereas if they are duly recognized as dramatic utterances their merit is at once apparent.

But if there is to some of us a temptation to praise the poet on the wrong ground, there is no less temptation to others to make light of him on the wrong ground. One finds the very perfection of his workmanship turned against him. The thing is so consummately done, that one can hardly believe in the power it implies. Let us recall a certain Roundabout Paper of Thackeray's *Notes of a Week's Holiday*. The critic stands before a picture by Rubens, and discourses: 'Now you know the trick, don't you see how easy it is? Now you know the trick, suppose you take a canvas and see whether "you" can do it?' There is the rule. There are many little people who have learnt the trick to the extent that you can see well enough it is Tennyson they are imitating; but they cannot do it. I have quoted already from one of his early poems—here is a verse from another:

> What sound was dearest in his native dells,
> The mellow lin-lan-lone of evening bells, far-far-away.

A simple trick—nothing out of the way about it, is there? But match it outside of Tennyson, if you can.

Now if such lines as these stood by themselves; if it were only here and there, that they could be found; one might view them as happy accidents. The thing is that they are everywhere. You could match them out of half the stanzas in *In Memoriam*; you could match them by writing down his lyrics miscellaneously as they happened to come into your head. There is no English

poet, unless it be Milton or Spenser, who displays so consistent, so unvarying a control of his verse as Tennyson; and neither of them approaches him in the astonishing variety of the forms of versification he employs. The worst that can be said is that such excellence is like his own hand's features 'Faultily faultless'; such perfection is a little monotonous. There are a good many people who prefer Launcelot to Arthur.

It is avowedly evident that Tennyson is supreme in the field of emotion, the field of retrospection. It is natural and right that in this he should appeal to the young less, and to those who are growing old more, young men and maidens with their lives before them—what have they to do with lamenting for the tender grace of a day that is dead? They have got to make a new day with a grace of its own. The battle of life is before them; 'soldiers all, to forward face'. But for those who have already borne the brunt, it is difficult and different. They, who have seen the loved friends of their youth pass before them to the undiscovered country; to whom the sweet companionship of early years has become a memory, a dream full of the sorrow that yet is touched by the dawning light of the joy which cometh in the morning—these can turn legitimately to *In Memoriam* and to lyric after lyric, to find the noblest expressions of those feelings which in the young ought never to be more than a passing mood, but from their own minds can seldom be altogether absent.

Again, to souls struggling under the burden of some overwhelming sorrow—sorrow under which the heroic attitude of a Rabbi Ben Ezra seems for a time to be little better than a mockery—*In Memoriam* must always appeal intensely by its very tenderness; it is the healing balm they need before they are fit for the stimulant that adds a sting of its own.

I have implied that these poems of retrospection are not wholly suited for youthful minds to dwell on, though it is good to turn to them at times; and though at times their attraction cannot but be felt intensely, it is nevertheless to-day probably comparatively slight for the young people. The more vigorous minds are too much occupied with looking forward; the more dreamy have a tendency to prefer what is more introspective and often more morbid. The characteristic note of *In Memoriam*, the lofty fortitude—the profound, if not very enthusiastic faith—which tinges its melancholy and gives the poem an even higher rank than would be secured to it by its consummate melodies and the depth of the feelings it so exquisitely expresses, is just

what makes it unsatisfactory to latter-day pessimism. There is a kind of determined despair, a thirsting after the luxury of woe, evident in the writings of some minor authors of the day, which, while Tennyson is wholly free from it, is in favour with a certain cultivated and rather imaginative order of mind most commonly found in highly self-conscious young people. For them, Tennyson is not a sufficiently vigorous antidote, while he fails to satisfy their craving for melancholy. Hence it is that the whole class of his poems of which *In Memoriam* is the chief, to a great extent fail in winning the critical approval of the younger generation. They are neither an inspiration to action, nor an expression of 'the dismals'.

As Tennyson reigns supreme in the field of these emotions which are not indeed the most intense, but are among the most universal and most deeply rooted of our nature, he is also unsurpassed as a writer of what we generally understand by Idylls; those lighter flights of fancy which deal rather with tender sentiments than with strong passions; where a pervading playfulness keeps at bay any sustained seriousness or approach to tragic feeling; whereof perhaps the perfect type is Shakespeare's *As You Like It*. The most elaborate example in Tennyson is his *Princess*; of the Idylls of the King, *Gareth and Lynette*, belongs to the same category, and perhaps *Geraint and Enid*, but no other. The names of *The Brook* and the *Gardener's Daughter* will suffice to show the precise class of work to which I am referring; poems in which the larger problems, the eternal mysteries of life and death, suffering and triumph, have no place; in which we are fain to forget the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches, in the scent of the wild flowers and the song of the throstle, the chatter of the brook, and the flicker of the woodland sunlight. They call for no intellectual effort; they do not send the blood leaping through your veins—though the poet can do that now and then when he has a mind to—but they are full of a delightful restfulness and a delicate harmony, which are wonderfully soothing, and render them the choicest company in hours of weariness or of rebellion against the spirit of perpetual introspection.

It is complained of by men who love singing that his songs for song's sake are the most unmitigated trash possible. This is so undesirable that one would hardly have imagined that, for sixty years, Tennyson had been writing songs which south of the Tweed have hardly been marched since 'the spacious days of

Great Elizabeth'; when the gift of song was so common that—witness Mr. Bullen's collections—half a hundred anonymous authors produced lyrics of which Shakespeare would have been proud. Is it the composers that are at fault, or is there some technical flaw in Tennyson's work that makes his song difficult to sing? For he has produced any number of songs which, judged by a purely literary standard, are as near perfection as may be; which you can hardly read without finding that they are setting themselves to music in your head. One need not go back for examples, to 'Break, break, break,' or the lyrics in the 'Princess,' 'Far far away', has been quoted already; 'Romney's Remorse' is in the same volume:—

> Sleep little blossom, my honey, my bliss!
> For I give you this, and I give you this!
> And I blind your pretty blue eyes with a kiss! sleep!'

I have heard people jeer at 'The Throstle', but it appears that folks who do so may be confidently expected not to know the difference between a thrush's note and a sky lark's. It has the very warble of the bird in its

> Here again, here, here, here, happy year!

In each of these three fields, then—the Elegy, the Idyll, the Song—Tennyson has done work which would place him among the great masters of his craft. Gray is commonly reckoned among our leading poets, mainly on the strength of a single achievement in one only of these fields. It has been said that the *Elegy* is a greater poem than *In Memoriam*, inasmuch as it appeals to simpler and more universal emotions. It would seem reasonable to reply that by parity of reasoning 'Break, break, break',—or 'Crossing the Bar'—is a greater poem than Gray's *Elegy*, and *Hush a bye Baby* than any of them.

If the end of poetry were merely enjoyment, the exercise of pleasurable emotions in the sense commonly understood by the phrase, there would be little more to say. But we do want something more from our great men; most of us are hardly inclined to admit that any one is entitled to a place at the Round Table of the Immortals unless he can do more than please us, unless he can in some sort inspire us, vivify our ideals, ennoble our aspirations; unless the Maker has in him something of the Seer. Reference has already been made to the practical difficulty, not to say impossibility, of judgement being passed by one generation for the generations still to come. The teacher who does not give just

what present conditions have made his hearers ready to accept, is apt to meet with hard criticism. The charm of his verse, the clearness of his language, the flow of his narrative, ensure a certain popularity for Tennyson; they secure for him an audience who find Browning insuperable, Matthew Arnold unsympathetic, Wordsworth dreary. But along with the superficial affectation of moral limpness, which is supposed to be prevalent just now, there is a very real, if sometimes misdirected, energy, both moral and intellectual, even more marked perhaps among girls than among their brothers. The tendency among the cleverer and more vigorous spirits seems to be to depreciate Tennyson, and to find his ideals inefficient; and for these ideals we must turn to the *Idylls of the King*.

Now one reason for this feeling becomes apparent at the outset. The whole atmosphere of the Idylls is unreal to an age which is very much in touch with hard facts. The Arthurian age never existed; the knights of the Round Table are somewhat wanting in every-day humanity, they are dream figures, or persons in an allegory. It is not that the story is placed in the past—Chaucer's knight and squire and parson, and the rest of his pilgrims, have nothing of this character—but that it is placed in a mythical past. It is the machinery of the Idylls, which, like that of Spenser, prevents a certain order of mind from appreciating them. You require either more imagination, or too little of that quality. We may appreciate the beauty of the lines, but we fail to find ourselves in sympathy with the characters; unless it be with Guinevere, who almost alone is greatly human in her passion, her sin, and her repentance. They are too much of abstractions, and hence much of their beauty is apt to be lost upon us. It is a matter on which no one can speak with certainty; we can only give personal impressions for what they are worth—but is not this effect to some extent the consequence of merely passing conditions?

Perhaps the most remarkable criticism that has been passed upon king Arthur is that he is a bourgeois ideal. It would be less surprising almost to have him described as democratic. If courtesy and faithfulness, self-control and self-sacrifice, purity and justice, make up the bourgeois ideal, then Arthur is bourgeois; and to be so described would be a remarkably high compliment. That there is a coldness about him, some lack of sympathy, some incapacity for understanding the force of passion, is undeniable; some consciousness that he is called to his work

not by his brotherhood, but by his superiority. Yet hear the oath of his knights:

> I made them lay their hands in mine and swear
> To reverence the king, as if he were
> Their conscience, and their conscience as their king,
> To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
> To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
> To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
> To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
> To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
> And worship her by years of noble deeds,
> Until they won her.

The bourgeois ideal appears to involve primarily, self-devotion in aiding the weak against oppression, and loyalty to the king; who was none the worse under the circumstances for not being a paid elective committee with a caucus.

> For indeed I know
> Of no more subtle master under heaven
> Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
> Not only to keep down the base in man,
> But teach high thought, and amiable words,
> And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
> And love of truth, and all that makes a man.

A man might do worse than take those lines as a motto. If he lives up to them, he will leave a fair record. All the maidens who want to inspire such a passion would need to have a tolerably high ideal too.

The spirit of these lines runs through and through the Idylls. The ideal is not satisfying, because one thinks it starts too much from the point of view of *Noblesse oblige*, and has too little personal sympathy in it; we are conscious of our inclination to regard our neighbours rather as items than as people with temptations due to circumstances which we do not understand, and trials which we have never experienced. It does not, indeed, follow that, because the ideal is not altogether sympathetic, it is not one which we require especially to bear in mind. We are restless, impatient, eager for a goal; while our ideas of the goal, and the way to it, are vague. Patience, self-restraint, subordination, are virtues which can easily be preached until to our indignant eyes they assume the aspect of pusillanimity, and slavish conventionality. But they are virtues all the same, unduly exaggerated or pressed upon us as if they were the highest qualities

of our nature, they are the enemies of progress; but without them progress degenerates into chaos. It is possible to lay too much stress on mere graces of demeanour, the 'amiable words and courtliness,' which are always liable to a suspicion of being worn as a mask; but to-day we are more apt to underrate than to overvalue them.

The Tennysonian ideal is incomplete, as belonging to a different set of social conditions; incomplete for men and women alike, because the same conditions which affect the masculine ideal affect the feminine ideal likewise. But the position of women as giving men their inspiration abides, however much

> The old order changeth, yielding place to new.

And men and women alike may well adopt the Law of the Round Table, though their point of view in doing so may not be altogether the same as that of Arthur and his knights and maidens.

## A PLEA FOR JUSTICE

IN the year 755 B.C. the village of Tekoa was unknown to the world, though its herdsmen could see the glint of the sunlight on the walls of Jerusalem. The conditions of the time which made Jerusalem—herself an unproductive city—more prosperous than she had been for generations must have impoverished the smaller towns in her neighbourhood to a special degree. It was not for the sake of effect that Amos, the herdsman of Tekoa, described himself as a gatherer of wild fruit, nor was it in boasting that he spoke of rescuing from the mouth of the lion two legs or the piece of an ear of a plundered goat. Just as in times of distress the very poor in Indian villages gather the fruit of the prickly-pear and of the wild fig, so it was only the very poor in Judah that troubled to gather the sycamore; and the shepherd must have been careful indeed of the produce of his flocks to risk the danger of bearding a lion for the remnants of a half-devoured carcase. If the princes and the priests in Jerusalem and in Samaria and their clients were so prosperous that they could afford winter houses and summer houses, could lie upon beds of ivory and eat the prime produce of the flock, many of the producers of the national wealth knew the pangs of hunger. The times were such as stir common men to cry for justice.

But Amos was not a common man. In wordly gear he was poor indeed; but in manliness and in the spirit of truth he was kingly. Surely never in the history of freedom—full as that history is of events that stir the blood—has a nobler answer been given to privilege and vested interests than that which Amos made to Amaziah the chief priest of the temple at Bethel. It must have happened on a day when people gathered from far and near to worship the Baal of this shrine, and Amos took advantage of the concourse of people to unburden himself of the word which the Covenant God of Israel had given him. He must have done some very plain speaking, smiting the lintel till the door posts shook; and the trustees of the sanctuary saw that preaching of the kind would endanger their revenue. Amaziah, the chief priest of the place, railed at Amos, accusing him of sedition

against the King of Israel. What right had a citizen of Judah to expose the national sins of Israel and to meddle with the worship of Bethel and the established privileges of its recognized priesthood ? 'O thou visionary,' said Amaziah, 'go flee thee away to the land of Judah and there eat bread and prophesy there ; but prophesy not gain any more at Bethel ; for it is the king's sanctuary, and it is a royal house.' Then answered Amos and said to Amaziah. 'No prophet am I, nor do I belong to the schools of prophets. A herdsman am I and a tender of sycamores. But Jahveh took me from following the flocks and Jahveh said unto me, go prophesy unto my people Israel. And now listen to the word of Jahveh. Thou sayest, prophesy not against Israel and drop not thy word against the house of Isaac. Therefore thus hath Jahveh said, thy wife shall be an harlot in the city, and thy sons and thy daughters shall fall by the sword, and thy land shall be divided by line, and thou thyself shalt die in a land that is unclean, and Israel shall surely be led away captive out of his land.'

The priest based his authority on royal patronage, and on the fact that the worship of Bethel was recognized by law. The prophet traced his authority to the voice of God in the soul, confirmed by the history of Israel. The very name of Amaziah was proof that Jahveh was the God of Israel, and the word of God in the mouth of the prophet claims the restitution of covenant rights. 'My people Israel.' There is all the difference in the world between religious authority delegated by a king or by a college of prophets or of priests, and that which comes direct from God Himself. But how can any prophet assume the responsibility of asserting that his words are indeed inspired by God and not merely copies of his own convictions ? There have been false prophets enough, and well might the hearers of Amos remind him of the contests between the prophets that claimed to be true and those that were false. The authority of the prophet is proved not simply by the intensity of his own conviction that God has revealed the truth to him, but by the consent of the reason of mankind. The appeal of Amos is to the conscience of the people and to that Law of Jahveh which embodies the conscience of those in the past history of the nation who have been proved by events to have been true. A prophet does not speak off hand or by chance ; there is reasoning behind his message, a reasoning which is in sympathy with the conscience of mankind. 'Hear this word that Jahveh hath spoken against you O children of Israel, against the whole

family which I brought up out of the land of Egypt saying, 'You only have I known of all the families of the earth : therefore I will visit upon you all your iniquities.' This appeal to history cannot be gainsaid : Jahveh is always active in the history of Israel, and her final welfare has always been proved to depend on obedience to His will. Jahveh is always in opposition to Baalim : He cannot be classed as one of the divine territorial lords : He is unique : 'Prepare to meet thy God O Israel. For, lo ! He that formeth the mountains and createth the wind, and declareth unto man what is his thought, that maketh the morning darkness and treadeth upon the high places of the earth, Jahveh, God of Hosts is his name.' Let the people only consider the law of cause and effect in their experience, and they must see that the message of Amos is true. 'Can two men meet in the wilderness unless they have made an appointment ? Does the lion roar in the forest except when it is catching something ? Does the young lion cry in its den when it has caught nothing ? Can a bird be caught if there be no trap set for it ? Does the snare spring from the ground unless something has touched it ? Can the people of a village hear the bugle sound without fearing a hostile raid ? Shall evil befall a city and Jahveh hath not done it ? Surely my Lord Jahveh will do nothing without revealing his secret to his servants the prophets. The lion hath roared who will not fear ? My Lord Jahveh hath spoken, who can but prophesy ?' What more proof do people need of the divine origin of a prophetic message than what they can verify for themselves if they only consider ? The Pharisees and the Sadducees came to Jesus and tempting him asked him to show them a sign from heaven. But he answered and said to them, 'When it is evening ye say, it will be fair weather for the heaven is red. And in the morning, it will be foul weather to-day, for the heaven is red and lowering. Ye knew how to discern the face of the heaven ; but ye cannot discern the sign of the times.'

That was precisely the kind of appeal that Amos made. Damascus, Gaza, Tyre, Edom, Ammon, Moab, have cast the Law of Nations into the rubbish heap as if it were a broken tablet. What result can they expect but chaos and destruction ? And as for Judah and Israel peoples that should have known better, have they not despised every commandment in the moral code of their fathers ? They have become like the Amorites, the enemy against whom they were pledged by divine command to fight to the last. They forgot Him who brought them out of slavery

and made them freemen in the land of the worshippers of the abomination. 'They sell the righteous for silver and the needy for a pair of shoes; they heap the dust of the earth upon the head of the poor and turn aside the way of the meek; and a man and his father have intercourse with the same maid to profane my holy name; and they lay themselves down beside every altar upon clothes taken in pledge; and in the house of their god they accept drinks of wine from those who have been fined by law.' They not only sin themselves, but they delight in leading others to break their sacred vows. They have palaces full of treasure that has been acquired by violence and robbery. Their women, gentle ones that should know pity, oppress the poor and crush the needy; the chief desire of the ladies of Samaria is that their lords may provide them with comforts and wine. There are men and women at ease in Zion heedless of the famines and plagues that have devastated the fields of the poor. Those in authority at Bethel are chiefly concerned that the daily sacrifices, the tithes and the offerings of thanksgiving may go on without interruption; religion has become so much a matter of ceremonial only that the people have a proverb, 'Let us go to Bethel and do evil.' The princes and the priests have all kinds of luxuries, summer houses as well as winter houses, beds of ivory and comfortable divans; they eat the lamps out of the flock and the calves out of the midst of the stall; they spend their time singing idle songs to the accompaniment of the viol; they devise for themselves instruments of music like David's; they drink wine by the bowl and anoint themselves with the most choice ointments; but they are not grieved for the affliction of Joseph. They forget the distress of the honest poor when the rain failed three months before the harvest, and the lack of water was so great that the people of two or three villages had to migrate to another village to get water to drink; when the crops and the vines were blasted with mildew and the palmerworm devoured the fig trees and the oiltrees; when pestilence, like the plague of Egypt, slew the young men, and the stench from the carcases of cattle made the air unbearable. If they had only considered. Does anything happen in a city without the permission of Jahveh? These calamities that overtook the land were in truth calls to repentance and a humble walk with God. But to these rich the poor are just beings to be exploited; the Divine Law, is only an inconvenience, a hindrance to successful trade. 'They swallow up the needy and cause the poor of the land to fail, saying, when

will the new moon be gone that we may sell corn? and the sabbath that we may display our wheat? they make the grain measure small, but they insist that the coins be heavy, they cheat by using false balances; they buy the poor for silver and the needy for a pair of shoes; and sell the refuse of the wheat.'

Amos knew, as his neighbours did, the bitter pangs of hunger; he had felt the inconvenience of having only one change of raiment, and could well imagine the discomfort of the man who had given his blanket as a pledge and did not receive it back for the night as the Torah required; he had felt the hopelessness of toiling in the fields when there is no rain or when disease attacks the ripening crops, and when there is a murrain among the cattle. It was hard drudgery to seek a living by cultivating the sycamores. How disgusting it was for a man of fine feeling to have to share the flesh of a kid with a lion! Could any man with half his ability of thought fail to see the injustice in the merely clever or the unscrupulous lolling in luxury while the producers of wealth were in such a plight. Amos was a man of wide outlook who took an interest in the life of surrounding tribes. He knew the history of his people, and he was able to appreciate the worth of the religious factor in history. He could not fail to burn in his heart at the injustice, and to feel that his indignation was but the echo of the divine voice calling doom upon the peoples. It was surely a divine impulse within him that magnified the moral law so that he was not ashamed of poverty and the lowest social standing. The Torah was itself a great champion of the poor of the land, and he could be sure Jahveh was vindicating His own law in the calamities that had already fallen on the people, an earnest of a greater doom.

Now there is nothing out of the common in the protest of an able poor man against the oppression of the powerful and the unscrupulous. Our French revolutionaries, our Chartists, our Socialists have uttered in passionate tones the demand of the poor for justice. But there is in the protest of Amos an undertone that removes his cry for justice a whole heaven's breadth from that of demagogues and agitators. How the redcaps of Paris thirsted without one quiver of pity for the blood of aristocrats! Vengeance was their meat and drink. The average modern demagogue thinks chiefly of destruction in order that his own class may be aggrandized. The denunciation by Amos of the evil of the rulers and the priests was more a warning than a doom. He could not well accuse others of indifference to the

affliction of Joseph unless he was himself moved by a big compassion for his people. And so Amos prays for the people before he smites; his intimation of judgement is tempered by an invitation to repentance that holds out a hope of restoration. 'Thus did my Lord Jahveh show me, and behold he formed locusts in the beginning of the shooting up of the latter growth, and lo, it was the latter growth after the king's mowings. And it came to pass that when they made an end of eating the grass of the land, then I said O my Lord Jahveh, forgive I beseech thee; how shall Jacob stand? for he is small. Jahveh repented concerning this. It shall not be, said Jahveh.' Bitterly as the prophet is aware of oppression and crime, heavy as he feels the burden of the poor, he knows that since justice is his plea, the evil-doers also must get a chance of repentance. Justice is the obverse of love. Mere retribution in many cases is not justice. Now here we have a note of the true prophet, in this respect Amos stands with the other great preachers of righteousness among his people. Here we are very near the distinctive thing in the teaching of the greatest of the prophets, Jesus. 'The Son of Man is not come to destroy men's lives but to save them.' A call to repentance always precedes the true prophet's enunciation of doom. And so Amos cries, 'Seek Jahveh and ye shall live; lest he break out like fire in the house of Joseph, and it devour and there be none to quench it in Bethel; ye who turn judgement to wormwood and cast down righteousness to the earth; seek him that maketh the Pleiades and Orion and turneth the shadow of death into the morning, and maketh the day dark with night; that called for the waters of the sea and poureth them out upon the face of the earth—Jahveh is his name.'

Repentance cannot avert chastisement: sin forgiven without cleansing would fail of the perfect end of forgiveness. Israel must go into captivity, but there shall be the restoration of a remnant. 'Lo, days are coming—'tis the oracle of Jahveh—when the ploughman shall catch up the reaper, and the grape treader him that soweth the seed. And the mountains shall drip with new wine and all the hills shall flow down. And I will bring back the captivity of my people Israel and they shall build the waste cities and dwell in them, and plant vineyards and drink the wine thereof, and make gardens and eat their fruits.' It is the vision of the day when the cry for justice is answered, and without this answer the prophecy would have been vain.

The book of Amos is the earliest written record of Hebrew prophecy. It is one of the most modern books in the Bible. Injustice is as old as the race, but the human heart can be satisfied only with justice and love. Wherever privilege and monopoly are ranged against the rights of a people the burning words of this ancient Hebrew are the most apposite that can be used. The President of the United States might quite well have used them in his public attacks on the Trusts and the Monopolies of the New World. The Indian might well use them when he is countering priestly arrogance and the unfeeling dominance of caste. How hopeful would it be for our schemes of social reconstruction if Reformers would learn from Amos to judge the faults of one's own nation as severely as the crimes of other nations, and especially if partisans would learn that it is well to pray for the evil-doers before we hand them over to utter doom; that it is better to save than to destroy men's lives that the reformer must seek the uplift of all classes. But the part of the message most valuable to the ages is in the Name which to the Hebrew prophet was full of tenderness and faithfulness—the One who keeps covenant with his people. Jahveh is his name.

## REVIEWS

### A Modern Indian

IN a book recently published by Mr. Lajpat Rai he makes a list in ascending order of value of the chief sources of British knowledge of India. First and least trustworthy is the information supplied by missionaries; then come Government officials, little more reliable; next, books such as those of Rudyard Kipling and Sir Valentine Chirol; and finally, in contrast with all these, the writings of 'serious students of India,' such as Max Müller, I. Goldziher and Miss Noble. It is curious that among these serious students and reliable sources only one has seen India nearer than at a distance of several thousand miles. There is another source of knowledge about India and its peoples that is even more important than any of these and that is becoming more and more available to the British enquirer. Authentic Indian voices, such as that of Sir Rabindranath Tagore can now be listened to and convey a more direct suggestion of the Indian spirit than can be conveyed by the most honest and sympathetic foreigner. Even the imaginative gifts of Rudyard Kipling cannot reach far beneath the surface of a life so far off and strange, whereas an Indian novelist of far inferior powers may do much to reveal its secrets to those who desire to understand. For that reason it is right that attention should be directed to the work of a South Indian novelist of considerable ability and industry. The book under review, *Lieut. Panja : a Modern Indian*, does not bear any author's name, but we understand that it is by the author of *Thillai Govindan*, a novel which has attracted some attention as giving a frank and vivid picture of an educated Indian and of his struggles and temptations in the perplexing circumstances of his land to-day, and which has been republished in Great Britain by Messrs. T. Fisher Unwin with an introduction by Mr. Frederic Harrison. The author is Mr. A. Madhaviah.

The first third of this book is perhaps the best part of it. It gives a candid account of the hero's father, a village tahsildar, of his superstitions and the corrupt practices by which he long imposes upon short-sighted collectors, until finally his delinquencies are discovered. Panja does not appear upon the scene till page 78. The book is admirably written and gives many glimpses of Hindu life and Hindu sentiment such as could only be obtained from an Indian. The Indians and Europeans are impartially presented—good as well as bad. The hero is a warm admirer of British rule, but at the same time a political leader and 'a people's tribune'. The times described in the closing pages of the book are very different from those of the hero's father. 'The sons of those who could not see beyond their own noses and compared themselves to the frogs in the well and refused rights and privileges thrust upon them, and cared not whether Rama ruled or Ravana so long as their petty, parochial wants were attended to and their petty divisions and jealousies perpetuated, were now rubbing shoulders there, regardless of caste or calling and thundering against the maltreatment of their fellow-countrymen in South Africa, demanding all sorts of rights and privileges as their birthright and warning the rulers against the danger of delay in answering them.'[1] The book comes to a melodramatic close with the murder of Lieut. Panja, I.M.S., when protesting against German outrages in a Belgian village.

N. M.

## Land and Labour in a Deccan Village[2]

IN India most of our economic problems are actively enough discussed in the press and from the platform but so far little has been done in the scientific study of the conditions out of which such problems arise. Apart from the Government publications of officials the number of Indian contributions to economic literature has been surprisingly small. The Universities have recognized the deficiency and are seeking in some measure to stimulate such research as may lead to its being met. Post-graduate students can have no more fruitful field upon which to

[1] p. 175.

[2] By HAROLD H. MANN, D.SC., in colloboration with others (Oxford University Press.)

start on a survey of economic conditions than that of the village communities in which rural India lives.

One welcomes the intensive study made of a Deccan village by Dr. Harold Mann and a number of his Indian assistants at the Poona Agricultural College just published under the name, *Land and Labour in a Deccan Village*, as the first volume of the University of Bombay's Economic Series.

The village chosen is that of Pimpla Soudagar, eight miles from Poona and five from Kirkee, and it stands at an elevation of about 1,820 feet above sea-level. The area of the village land is 1,065 acres, mostly held on ryotwari tenure. The village consists of 111 families, with a total population of 556. Of the 111 families 93 are Maratha. Such, in brief, is the village chosen and the collaborators have given themselves to the consideration of—

1. The physical character, geology, and topography, soils, subsoils, water, drainage of the village.
2. The division of the land and the holdings.
3. The vegetation, crops, and cultivation of the village.
4. The agricultural stock.
5. The population of the village and the character and occupation of the people.
6. The general conclusions to be drawn from the study.

In reckoning the assets of the village, land of course takes chief place and the capital value of that asset to the village is reckoned as Rs. 80,400. The other assets, apart from the purely personal possessions of the people are—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Houses ... | ... | Rs | 20,000 |
| Live Stock | ... | ,, | 10,588 |
| Implements | ... | ,, | 2,600 |

a total Rs 1,13,588

This village shows clearly the evils resulting from the sub-division and fragmentation of land. With regard to the latter point it is reckoned that out of 156 landholders only twenty-eight hold all their property in a single survey number and in a single piece. With regard to subdivision it is said: 'In the pre-British days, and in the early days of British rule, the holdings were usually of a fair size, most frequently more than nine or ten acres, while individual holdings of less than two acres were hardly known. Now, the number of holdings is more than double and eighty-one per cent of these holdings are under ten acres in size, while no less than sixty per cent are less than

five acres.' This naturally leads one to consider whether all these holdings, especially in view of the combined evil of fragmentation can be considered economic. Keatings in the *Rural Economy in the Bombay Deccan* has reckoned that our economic holding of good dry land in the Deccan, with an Indian ryot's standard of life, would be about ten to fifteen acres. On such a reckoning eighty-one per cent of the holdings in Pimpla Soudagar are non-economic. It is not, therefore, surprising to learn that of 103 households in the village only eight are self-supporting, at the village standard, from land alone. No less than thirty-six per cent of the landholders of the village have become labourers either in the village or away from it at Kirkee or elsewhere and have ceased to be cultivators in the ordinary sense. In many an Indian village similar conditions exist where part of the population is able to leave to find employment in the industries of the towns or is able to supplement earnings by work other than that on agriculture.

The survey of Pimpla Soudagar serves to show that the condition of agriculture is not sufficiently progressive and that the subdivision and fragmentation of holdings augment this evil. These causes in combination make it clear that the population is too great for the land. It is interesting to note that the collaborators declare 'with progressive methods we are not at all sure that even a dry village like Pimpla Soudagar could not support a larger population than it at present has.'

Doubt might be expressed as to whether in choosing Pimpla Soudagar for investigation a sufficiently representative selection had been made. Its proximity to Poona and to Kirkee is an exceptional element, especially when we consider that as many as sixteen per cent of the total population is engaged on work in the Ammunition Factory at Kirkee. How far it is really representative from several points of view, however, is to be judged only by comparison with other villages of the Deccan and it is to be hoped that the excellent work done by Dr. Mann and his collaborators may inspire others to follow along the lines of their work. Much gain will result to economic study in India if throughout the Presidencies and Provinces similar careful and scientific surveys were to be made. One cannot but feel, too, that such research would be of more than mere scientific interest ; for the betterment of the economic position of the agricultural classes will be nearer realization when the truth about the condition of their life and work is understood.

A. C. KIDD.